Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres,
Fight and take him.
Cliff. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.
York. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriors, *Clifford* & *Northumberland*
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?
Or where is that valiant *Crookbacke* prodegie?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant *Clifford* with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie *Yorke*?
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?

Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for *Yorke*? and Lords bow low to him.
So: hold you his hands, whilst *I* doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king *Henries* chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire.
But how is it that great *Plantagenet*,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our *Henry* had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with *Henries* glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.
Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.
Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes.
York. She wolfe of *France*, but worse than Wolues of
France:
Whose tongue more poison'd than the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
Vpon his woes, whom *F*ortune captiuates?
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless,